Farm book 3/17/65

Working on another boom for the past several months - haven't been to Frederick very often. My few rtips have been hurried. Several days ago I made a more leisurely visit to transact some accumulated business. As I was crossing the main street near the hotel I saw a parked cab. It had a luggage carrier on the top similar to one that is now surplus with us. I spoke about it to the driver, who I had never seen before, thinking he might have an interested colleague. When I started to tell him how to get in touch with me if he knew anyone who might want it, he interrupted me.

"I know you", he explained. "You're the goose man".

Others might not have been flattered, but I was. It had been a year since my picture had been in the local papers. Just about a year ago I delivered Edwina to Fort Detrick, where she is in permanent residence as a blood donor, enjoying a life even more luxurious than we had lavished upon her. Prior to that, from time to time as we sent geese and ducks overseas in our own minerature foreign-aid program, ~~xxxxxxxxx~~ pictures of us with the geese had appeared in the papers. But for a total stranger to recall my appearance after a year was quite a compliment.

This morning I had to make another trip to town. My wife gave me the added chore of taking a contest cupon coupon to a chain-saw dealer. Whether or not we won anything - and we didn't-c they were giving a large world map free. When I entered Baker's shop I was again surprised and flattered by a similar greeting.

"Aren't you the duck man?" I was asked. I had never been in Baker's place of business before.